

THE NATION'S HOLIDAY.

OUR FATHERS met in grief and gloom.
And as the Tyrant spoke their doom.
They answered: Freedom shall have room.

Backward, as to a golden store,
They looked to valiant hearts of yore.
Whose might the people's cause up-bore.

And forward, in the skies above,
They saw a heavenly banner move.
Whose virtue they were bound to prove.

For them the Gallies taught
The truth with new deliverance fraught.
And 'neath His martyr flag they fought.

Now, as our World stands at a loss,
With all its treasures, all its cross,
To match the riches of the Cross,

So, pomp of flags and marches gay
And martial muster and array
Are all too poor to praise this day.

How should we thank for boon so high?
How learn above the things that die?
Our only debt of Liberty!

With cautious heart we heed the Past,
Its doctrine and its deeds hold fast.
But know, they should be over-passed.

The harvest that 'tis ours to reap
With blood of heroes sown so deep,
A bloodless violence shall keep.

Build nobler temples, and enshrine
On the heart's altar, pure and fine,
The Brotherhood that is divine.

For our defense throughout the land
The school with open door should stand.
With truth and love in high command.

From us, who meet with one intent,
On due commemoration bent,
Be this fair greeting wide sent:

"Not for us only did they die,
The good we conquered, hear us call
Our freedom and our God for all!"

Julia Ward Howe, in N. Y. Independent (1895).

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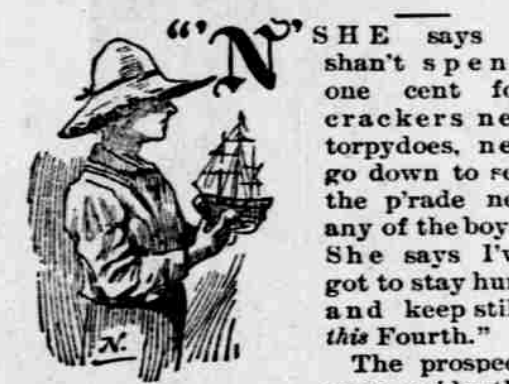
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HOW THE BRITISH BEAT PHRASTUS.



SHE says I shan't spend one cent for crackers nor torpedoes, nor go down to see the prade nor any of the boys. She says I've got to stay home and keep still this Fourth.

The prospect was evidently as Theophrastus Wilson, but the person to whom he poured out his woes only twinkled a pair of merry eyes. Harvey Harris was several years older than the boy, but he listened with an interest very comforting to the smaller boy.

"She says I kin take the old hoss-pistle 'n' fire it off once down behind the barn. 'N' I kin take the old fag to a broomstick and wave it about all I want. Who wants an old broomstick 'round, anyway? That ain't no Fourth of July."

"Phrastus snatched—he almost snatched. His laughter laughed outright.

"Say, Phrastus, what under the canopy did you do last Fourth that makes Aunt Scilla settle down on you like this?"

"Nothin'," said Phrastus, sullenly.

"Oh, phaw! I know you and I know Aunt Scilla. She'd never corner you up so close without some reason. Honest, now, out with it, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"There was the cat," said Phrastus, digging his toes into the ground.

"What about the cat?"

"She told me to give him his dinner, 'nd I put a firecracker under the pan. It didn't hurt him none, but he never come for a week; 'nd he won't tech cod fish sense."

"Oh, ho!"

"The settin' hen," said Phrastus, scratching his right ear. "I knowed she wanted her broke up, 'n' I bet a couple o' crackers'd do it."

"Well, did they?"

"Guess you'd 'a' thought so! They set the nest afire, and 'most burnt up the chicken house." Phrastus actually grinned.

"Ah, ha! Go ahead; that wasn't all. What put on the finishing touch?"

"I s'pose 'twas the new wash-b'ler," said Phrastus, frowning. "We tuk it



out behind the barn to light a bunch in. My, didn't they pop! Then we ferreted it teetotal, and come wash-day nobody knowed where the b'ler was."

"And when they found it?"

"Suthin' had stepped on it!" muttered Phrastus. "But I don't think folks ought to hold things a hull year."

Harvey threw his head back and laughed so heartily that Phrastus stopped frowning and giggled.

"Now look here," said Harvey, when he had his laugh out, "I haven't forgotten how you found Frowny for me last summer, and if you'll promise not to use them 'round the house or the barn, or anywhere where they'll disturb Aunt Scilla, I'll put half a dozen packs under the big stone behind the barn for you Fourth of July mornin'."

"It's awful good of you!" Phrastus' cheeks grew shining red. "There shan't nobody hear 'em 'cept me; I'll take 'em down to the woods. And say, I'll hunt your dog every time he gets lost—don't you give any other feller the job. What they got in that wagon?"

"It must be the English ran Mr. Turner's been buying," said Harvey.

"THERE WAS THE CAT."

as he turned to look. "Gave two hundred dollars for him. I guess I'll walk down and see him when they take him out."

"Two—hundred—dollars for a sheep?" Phrastus hopped over the fence and trotted along by his friend's side. "What a pile of money for one sheep! Say, Harvey, 'd you 'jest as lie put in a box of matches and a five-cent flag 'stead of two o' them bunches?"

"Just exactly."

The wagon turned into Mr. Turner's barnyard, and the boys followed it. "I bet I'd never pay the old British 'n' bet I'd never pay the old British," said two hundred dollars for a sheep," said Phrastus, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets as he watched the men carefully lower the Cotswold ram, "King George XII." to the ground.

"What do you know about the British, huh?" asked one of the men.

"I know 'em well," said Phrastus. "Fourth of July," said Phrastus.

"Well, it seems they can beat us on sheep," laughed the man.

"I s'pect if Mr. Turner had looked round he'd got just as good a one in 'Merik for ten dollars!" cried Phrastus. "They can't beat us on anything!"

Having reached the ground safely, King George stamped his royal foot and shook his curved horns. Then, as Mr. Turner entered the yard by a side gate, the ram dashed forward with unexpected quickness, knocked his new owner's feet from under him and laid him flat on his back.

"He's got a good smart temper," remarked one of the assistants, as King George appeared ready to charge the entire force.

"Serves Mr. Turner right for spending so much money on an old British sheep," Phrastus whispered to Harvey.

Aunt Scilla noticed with surprise that Phrastus neither whined nor pleaded when she remonstrated her Fourth of July edict. She repeated the command in order to keep her own resolution firm, for she dearly loved the motherly boy, mischievous as he was.

"You hain't been giving him money for firecrackers or dossying him up, have ye, Ben?" she inquired of her husband.

"No, I ain't," responded Uncle Ben. "But jest think out, Phrastus! The heft of a livin' is runnin' and it chokes him off on the Fourth! It's—well, it's plaguy cruel! He'll bust."

"No, he won't! You jest let him alone, Benjamin Arbuckle. It's time he learned that cats and wash-b'lers and other folks had some rights on the Fourth of July's well 's boys."

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"Well, go long then. If you go to that prade, sir, you know what you'll get."

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"And if I hear of your hanging round any of the other boys' houses, you'll catch it!"

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Through the pond, a shallow drinking place for sheep, a small brook flowed. Phrastus sat under a tree and paddled his bare toes in the water with a sigh of content.

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But Phrastus had determined that those ships should meet again on Mr. Turner's pond with a very different result.

He began his preparations. The five-cent flag rendered the Chesapeake top-heavy; so he stuck it into the bank behind her. Truth compelled me to confess that Phrastus showed very little generosity toward his imaginary foes.

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The two big firecracker guns were placed in position at the Chesapeake's bow and stern, and the commodore, joyfully striking a match, stooped down to fire his guns.

Whack! Phrastus shot out into the pond, turning a somersault, and scattering matches as he went. His line of motion was directly across the Chesapeake. But her slender mast snapped, and the stately vessel careened till her whole armament slid off into the water.

Phrastus' first thought, as he

emerged puffing and sputtering, was that the heat had exploded the firecrackers all at once. But when he got the water out of his eyes he saw that the British had received unexpected reinforcements.

King George XII, arriving unperceived from the rear, had disposed of the American commodore, and now turned his attention to the stars and stripes, which he jammed into the bank with repeated blows of his woolly head.

The patriotic blood of Phrastus boiled.

"Get out of that, you old British ram! Le' my flag alone. I'll hit you with a rock, I will."

He dug vainly about with his fingers in the muddy bed of the pond, but found nothing larger than a small pebble. Meantime King George's pointed feet were tramping his ammunition deep into the soil. Phrastus lifted up his voice in reproach and lamentation.

"You're the meanest, meanest old sheep that ever was! We did beat you, we did! Oh, my flag—boo—m'r crackers—boo—he's sp'illin' every last one! I wish they'd bust and turn him wrong side out!"

The howl drew King George's attention to the pond. He stood a moment with lowered horns, and then plunged threateningly forward, drawing back,



loaded its front edge is raised to a proper height by the same means. To dump the scraper the collars are clutched, and the winch turned in the opposite direction from that required to bring the scraper down.

The object of dividing the load into three parts is that by operating each scraper separately the machine can easily be managed with two horses. When the three parts are loaded the machine will hold as much as can ordinarily be drawn on a wagon with two horses. Thus one man and one team can operate the machine. The inventor declares that it requires less than one minute to either load or unload. The machine has been thoroughly tested, and has proved itself entirely satisfactory.—N. Y. Tribune.

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An Important Item in the Making of a Good Quality of Butter.

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AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

NEW ROAD MACHINE.

Three Scrapers Operated Separately by One Man and Two Horses.

Without doubt the best country roads are made by the MacAdam process. But the process of scraping and leveling dirt on the highway is still so common that there continues to be a demand for machines that will perform that work easily. One of the latest inventions of this class consists of three ordinary road scrapers, hung one ahead of another in a frame, which is supported on four wheels, and which is arched near the front end to let the front wheels pass under in turning. On both sides, near the front of each scraper, there are lugs, to which are attached chains that run up to a horizontal shaft. By rotating this shaft with a winch one can raise or lower the front edge of the scraper. There is another chain from the rear edge, leading up to a loose collar on the same shaft. When this collar clutches a fixed one adjacent thereto, the rear chain may also be wound or unwound. The scraper is supported by the rear end of the scraper is afforded by a cross-bar, riveted thereto, which rests on the side-pieces of the main frame. In order to keep the scraper from sliding backward when its edge is depressed, so as to scoop up earth, there are adjustable horizontal braces, which support every scraper that are pivoted to the frame. The depth of cut is regulated by the forward chains. When a scraper is



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"And if I hear of your hanging round any of the other boys' houses, you'll catch it!"

Phrastus slouched off with an air of deep-seated melancholy till the barn was between himself and Aunt Scilla's remorseful eyes. Harvey had more than kept his promise, and Phrastus executed the final steps of a war-dance.

"Ain't he good, though! I'll hunt down for him all day. Look at that two big fellers! They'll do for Long Tom on the Chesapeake."

It was not yet nine o'clock, but there was every promise of a hot day. The leaves hung motionless; the cattle were already seeking shade. Phrastus rubbed his arm across his perspiring face.

"Wonder why it's always so awful hot on the Fourth? Maybe 'cause there's so much fire everywhere. Wouldn't it be fun to have a snow fort?"

He beguiled the way by a delightful fancy of flying snowballs, each carrying a lighted firecracker, until the climbing of the last fence brought him into the edge of the woods.

Through the pond, a shallow drinking place for sheep, a small brook flowed. Phrastus sat under a tree and paddled his bare toes in the water with a sigh of content.

"If there was only just one other feller with me, wouldn't it be prime? But then he'd have to be the British and get bet, 'cause I'm bound to be 'Merican."

Phrastus had planned a naval engagement that should reverse a fact of history. One of Uncle Ben's favorite stories was of the ship Chesapeake, when the English ship Leopard forced her to strike her colors in a time of peace. Uncle Ben's grandfather had been a sailor on the American vessel, and the story Uncle Ben loved to listen to as a child he loved to tell to Phrastus.

But Phrastus had determined that those ships should meet again on Mr. Turner's pond with a very different result.

He began his preparations. The five-cent flag rendered the Chesapeake top-heavy; so he stuck it into the bank behind her. Truth compelled me to confess that Phrastus showed very little generosity toward his imaginary foes.

The Chesapeake was a full-rigged schooner, at least eighteen inches long, with two rows of firecracker guns on either side. The English ship was only as large as a block of wood whitened roughly into the semblance of a boat, with one crooked, wobbling mast. Her complement of guns was a meager half-dozen—three on a side.

"Foryou're bound to be blowed sky-high, anyway, you old Britisher," said Phrastus.

The two big firecracker guns were placed in position at the Chesapeake's bow and stern, and the commodore, joyfully striking a match, stooped down to fire his guns.

Whack! Phrastus shot out into the pond, turning a somersault, and scattering matches as he went. His line of motion was directly across the Chesapeake. But her slender mast snapped, and the stately vessel careened till her whole armament slid off into the water.

Phrastus' first thought, as he

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

NEW ROAD MACHINE.

Three Scrapers Operated Separately by One Man and Two Horses.

Without doubt the best country roads are made by the MacAdam process. But the process of scraping and leveling dirt on the highway is still so common that there continues to be a demand for machines that will perform that work easily. One of the latest inventions of this class consists of three ordinary road scrapers, hung one ahead of another in a frame, which is supported on four wheels, and which is arched near the front end to let the front wheels pass under in turning. On both sides, near the front of each scraper, there are lugs, to which are attached chains that run up to a horizontal shaft. By rotating this shaft with a winch one can raise or lower the front edge of the scraper. There is another chain from the rear edge, leading up to a loose collar on the same shaft. When this collar clutches a fixed one adjacent thereto, the rear chain may also be wound or unwound. The scraper is supported by the rear end of the scraper is afforded by a cross-bar, riveted thereto, which rests on the side-pieces of the main frame. In order to keep the scraper from sliding backward when its edge is depressed, so as to scoop up earth, there are adjustable horizontal braces, which support every scraper that are pivoted to the frame. The depth of cut is regulated by the forward chains. When a scraper is



loaded its front edge is raised to a proper height by the same means. To dump the scraper the collars are clutched, and the winch turned in the opposite direction from that required to bring the scraper down.

The object of dividing the load into three parts is that by operating each scraper separately the machine can easily be managed with two horses. When the three parts are loaded the machine will hold as much as can ordinarily be drawn on a wagon with two horses. Thus one man and one team can operate the machine. The inventor declares that it requires less than one minute to either load or unload. The machine has been thoroughly tested, and has proved itself entirely satisfactory.—N. Y. Tribune.

STIRRING THE CREAM.

An Important Item in the Making of a Good Quality of Butter.

One of the most important items in the making of a good quality of butter is the proper and uniform ripening of the cream. On the average farm the cream for several months must be put through in order to make a sufficient quantity to churn together. It is important that all of the cream be ripened uniformly if all of the butter taken off the cream, hence no fresh cream should be added to what is already ripening for twelve hours before churning. Every time fresh cream is added the whole should be stirred thoroughly together. A long wooden paddle that will reach to the bottom of the vessel should be used, and the stirring should be given with a rather upward, lifting motion that will bring the bottom cream to the top, rather than a stirring motion that will start the cream in a circular motion around the vessel. The idea is to mix the old and new thoroughly together. This must be done every time fresh cream is added. A thorough mixing of the cream secures a uniform ripening, and by churning all of the butter comes at once, so that none is lost in the buttermilk, as is often the case when no particular care is taken on this point. Cream should be thoroughly ripened, but should not be allowed to become sour. Slightly acid is the right condition, and the more this condition is secured the easier will be the churning, the more thoroughly the butter will be taken out of the cream, and the better the quality of the butter. The management of the cream is the essential item in the making of good butter, and the more this condition is secured the easier will be the churning, the more thoroughly the butter will be taken out of the cream, and the better the quality of the butter.

She flourished one of the switches, and it fell to pieces in her astonished hands.

"Guess I shan't 'member it," whined Phrastus. "I hain't been 't the prade 'n' I ain't! I stuck up in a tree this hull everlastin' Fourth, with Turner's old ram a-buntin' at it, tryin' to shake me down. I'd had to stayed there all night, 'n' if Mr. Turner's Pete hadn't come along, you jest ast him."

When Harvey Harris heard of it he could not resist saying: "So the British beat, eh, Phrastus?"

"Just that once!" said Phrastus.

Mrs. Frank Lee, in Youth's Companion.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Bobby Dumble—Hey! This is great fun, isn't it?

Willie Wimple—Should say so. Tain't ten o'clock yet, and I've got three burns.

Bobby Dumble—Poon! that's nothin'.

The doctor says maybe I'll lose my little finger—Golden Days.

Not selfish.—"Why do you and Bobby quarrel so much? I hope my Willie is not a selfish little boy." "No, mamma, I'm not selfish, but Bobby is. He always wants to play the games I don't want to."—Harper's Bazar.

The Never-sink was not named because its waters do not get low, but from the Indian Na-wa-sink, "mad river."

as he turned to look. "Gave two hundred dollars for him. I guess I'll walk down and see him when they take him out."

"Two—hundred—dollars for a sheep?" Phrastus hopped over the fence and trotted along by his friend's side. "What a pile of money for one sheep! Say, Harvey, 'd you 'jest as lie put in a box of matches and a five-cent flag 'stead of two o' them bunches?"

"Just exactly."

The wagon turned into Mr. Turner's barnyard, and the boys followed it. "I bet I'd never pay the old British 'n' bet I'd never pay the old British," said two hundred dollars for a sheep," said Phrastus, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets as he watched the men carefully lower the Cotswold ram, "King George XII." to the ground.

"What do you know about the British, huh?" asked one of the men.

"I know 'em well," said Phrastus. "Fourth of July," said Phrastus.

"Well, it seems they can beat us on sheep," laughed the man.

"I s'pect if Mr. Turner had looked round he'd got just as good a one in 'Merik for ten dollars!" cried Phrastus. "They can't beat us on anything!"

Having reached the ground safely, King George stamped his royal foot and shook his curved horns. Then, as Mr. Turner entered the yard by a side gate, the ram dashed forward with unexpected quickness, knocked his new owner's feet from under him and laid him flat on his back.

"He's got a good smart temper," remarked one of the assistants, as King George appeared ready to charge the entire force.

"Serves Mr. Turner right for spending so much money on an old British sheep," Phrastus whispered to Harvey.

Aunt Scilla noticed with surprise that Phrastus neither whined nor pleaded when she remonstrated her Fourth of July edict. She repeated the command in order to keep her own resolution firm, for she dearly loved the motherly boy, mischievous as he was.

"You hain't been giving him money for firecrackers or dossying him up, have ye, Ben?" she inquired of her husband.

"No, I ain't," responded Uncle Ben. "But jest think out, Phrastus! The heft of a livin' is runnin' and it chokes him off on the Fourth! It's—well, it's plaguy cruel! He'll bust."

"No, he won't! You jest